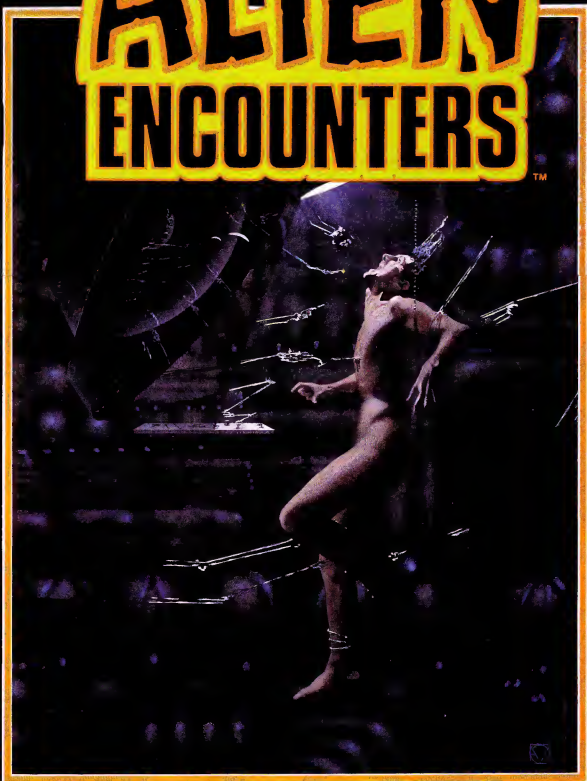


# ALIEN ENCOUNTERS™





POTTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA,  
FOLKS UP HERE CALL IT GOD'S  
COUNTRY. AT LEAST, THAT'S  
WHAT THE BUMPER STICKERS SAY.

IF YOU  
WERE AS  
SURE OF YOUR  
SHOOTIN' AS YOU  
ARE OF YOUR OWN  
BULLSHIT, YOU'D  
A' HIT THAT  
BUCK.

HE RUN  
THIS WAY - pant:-  
...I KNOW IT!



TOLD YA I HIT  
HIM SQUARE, HE'S  
PROBABLY JUST OVER  
THIS RIDGE HERE.



I DAMN SURE HOPE  
HE IS. THIS HANGOVER'S  
ABOUT TO KILL ME.

TOO MUCH OF THAT  
IRON CITY LAST  
NIGHT, EH, SHEP?

DON'T RE-  
MIND ME. THAT  
BEER IS VILE.



JESUS  
GOD!!

WHAT'S THE MATTER,  
LES? YOUR BUCK TURN  
OUT TO BE A DOE?



Wow!

# A WORLD A 'HURTIN'

STORY-CHARLES DIXON ART/COLORS-PETER LEDGER LETTERS-B. PEARSON





SURE, I READ ALL ABOUT  
THESE THINGS IN A  
MAGAZINE.

HEY GUYS!  
COME LOOK AT  
THIS AWHILE.

NO! OW!  
SHEP, HELP  
ME!

WHAT'S HE  
INTO NOW?

MAYBE IT'S  
SOME KIND OF A  
GOVERNMENT  
DEAL.

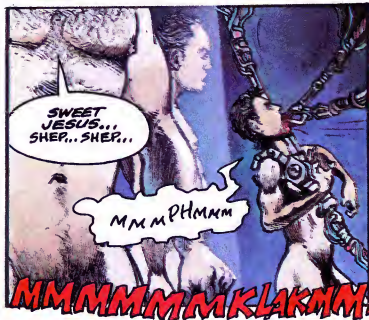
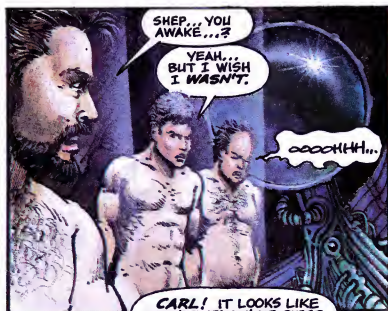
YEAH, THE  
MARTIAN  
GOVERNMENT...

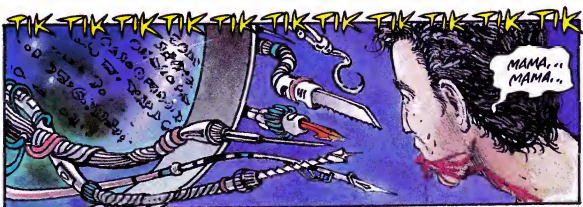
YOU  
FIGURE IT'S  
FROM OUTER  
SPACE?

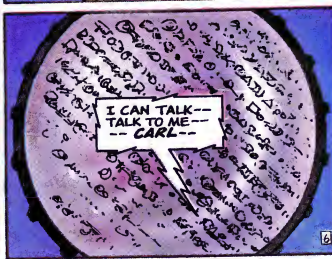
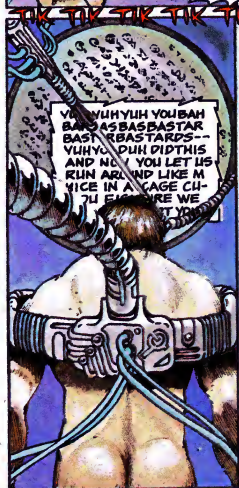


OH...  
WHERE... GOD...  
I'M... SO...  
SICK..











SO, YOU ARE FROM  
ANOTHER PLANET.

YES, CARL--  
A PLANET  
FAR FROM  
YOUR--STAR  
SYSTEM--

WHY DID YOU  
KILL SHEP?

I AM HERE TO STUDY  
WHAT YOU CALL LIFE  
-- I DID NOT MEAN  
TO-- STOP THE LIFE  
UNIT YOU CALL SHEP

I AM UNABLE  
TO UNDERSTAND  
THE CONCEPT  
OF NON-LIFE--  
YOU CALL IT  
DEATH--

WHY DOES  
A LIFE UNIT  
STOP-- AND  
BECOME UN-  
LIVING--

YOU TORE HIM APART...  
HOW'D YOU EXPECT HIM  
TO GO ON LIVIN'? WHERE'D  
YOU COME FROM? DIDN'T  
THE PEOPLE WHO BUILT  
YOU HAVE A SOUL?

I AM NOT--  
AWARE THAT--  
ANYONE BUILT ME

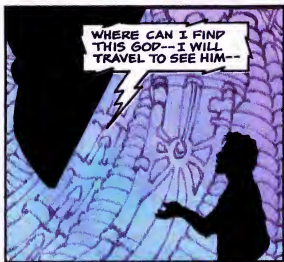
HOW CAN YOU CEASE TO  
EXIST-- WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN A LIFE UNIT--  
CEASES TO EXIST--  
STOP LIVING-- WHERE  
DOES IT GO--

I DO NOT KNOW THE ORIGIN  
OF MY OWN EXISTENCE--  
ONLY THAT I AM-- I MAY  
BE DISASSEMBLED AND  
CONTINUE TO EXIST-- UN-  
LIKE THE LIFE UNITS OF  
THIS PLANET--

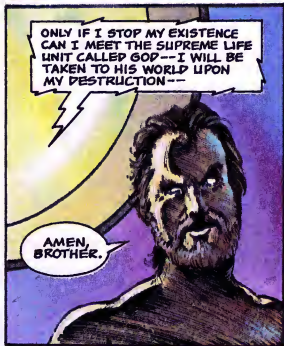




THAT'S A DAMNED GOOD QUESTION.

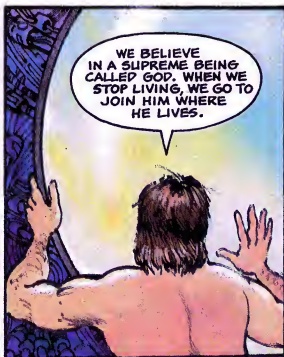


WHERE CAN I FIND THIS GOD-- I WILL TRAVEL TO SEE HIM--

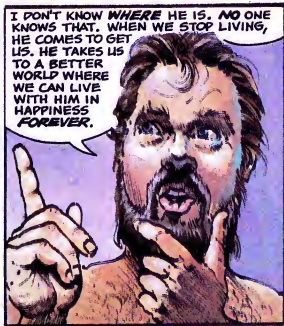


ONLY IF I STOP MY EXISTENCE CAN I MEET THE SUPREME LIFE UNIT CALLED GOD-- I WILL BE TAKEN TO HIS WORLD UPON MY DESTRUCTION--

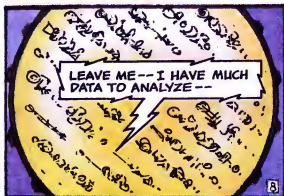
AMEN, BROTHER.



WE BELIEVE IN A SUPREME BEING CALLED GOD. WHEN WE STOP LIVING, WE GO TO JOIN HIM WHERE HE LIVES.



I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS. NO ONE KNOWS THAT. WHEN WE STOP LIVING, HE COMES TO GET US. HE TAKES US TO A BETTER WORLD WHERE WE CAN LIVE WITH HIM IN HAPPINESS FOREVER.



LEAVE ME-- I HAVE MUCH DATA TO ANALYZE--

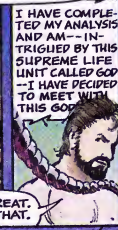


I THINK I MIGHT HAVE  
THIS WHOLE RIG READY  
TO DO ITSELF IN.

OH HUH HUH  
HEE HEE HEE




THIS BASTARD'S IN A BIG  
HURRY TO GO TO HEAVEN.





I HAVE COMPLE-  
TED MY ANALYSIS  
AND AM--IN-  
TRIGUED BY THIS  
SUPREME LIFE  
UNIT CALLED GOD  
--I HAVE DECIDED  
TO MEET WITH  
THIS GOD.


GOOD, GREAT.  
YOU DO THAT.

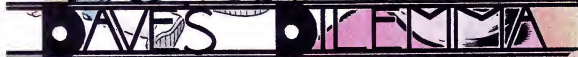
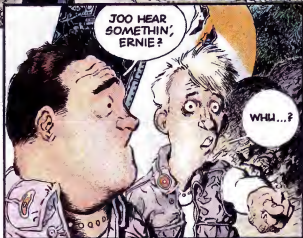
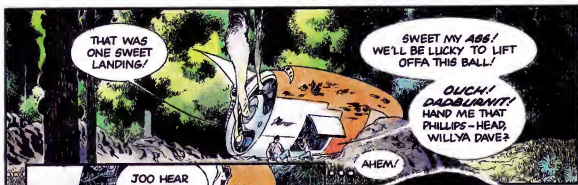


I HAVE DECIDED  
THAT--IN ADDITION  
TO MYSELF I WILL  
TAKE--ALL OF THE  
OTHER LIFE FORMS  
ON THIS PLANET  
WITH ME--



WE ALL GO TOGETHER TO A -- BETTER WORLD --





© Scott Hampton 1986

WRITIN' BY MARK KNEECE + SCOTT HAMPTON DRAWIN' BY SCOTT HAMPTON LETTERIN' BY TRACY HAMPTON  
COLORS: STEVE OLUFF







... SO THIS MORNIN',  
AFTER WE PICKED UP  
THE MININ' CONTRACTS,  
OL' KING MOWSLICK,  
HE COMES UP WITH  
HIS BOYS AN' SAYS  
"BYE" IN THAT FUNNY  
STERTARIAN LINGO.

THEN THIS *LONG* THANG  
STICK *WAY* OUTA HIS  
CHEST AT ME. WELL, NAT-  
URALLY, I FIGURE HE  
WANTS TO SHAKE HANDS.  
HAW!

URNS OUT  
HE WAS TRYIN'  
TO TAKE A  
PEE.

THEY GOT REAL HOT WHEN I  
GRABBED IT! HAW! YOU SHOULDA  
SEEN THEM BUG-EYES BULGE!  
HAW-HAW!!

IT WEREN'T SO  
FLUNNY, DAVE--THEY  
WAS HOT ON OUR ASS!  
SHOT OUT OUR AC-  
CELERATOR...

OH,  
SHETUP,  
ERN.

DON'T TELL ME TO SHETUP! EVERY  
TIME I GOT A LITTLE SOMETHIN' TO  
SAY YOU TELL ME TO SHETUP!! WELL,  
I AIN'T GAWN SHETUP!! I'LL TALK  
ALL I WANT TO!!!

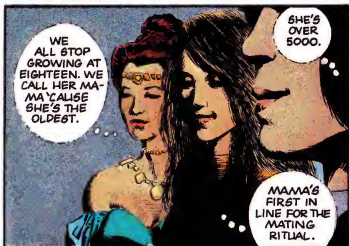
HERE  
WE ARE. Y'ALL  
COME 'N' MEET  
MAMA.

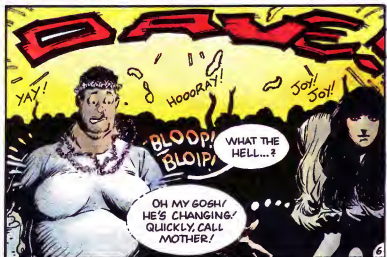
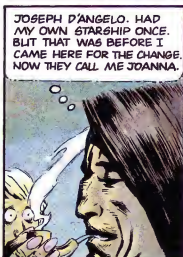
ERN.  
LOOK!!

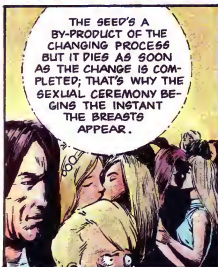
HOWDY, BOYS!  
GLAD YOU COULD MAKE  
IT! KERI, TAI - GET THESE FEL-  
LERS SOMETHIN' TO DRINK. BETA,  
TELL THE BAND TO PLAY SOME  
DANCIN' TUNES: WE GOT  
*MEN* AGAIN AN' IT'S  
TIME TO PARTY!

YEEE-HAAWW

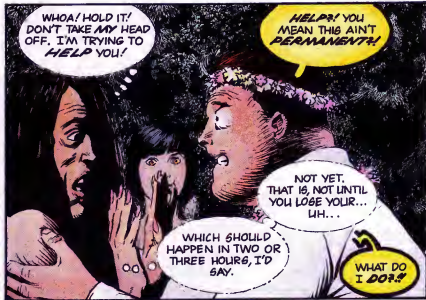












TO REVERSE THE SEXUAL METAMORPHOSIS, SALIVARY JUICES MUST BE EXCHANGED BETWEEN THE GEEK-BEARER AND A MALE WHO HAS NOT PARTAKEN OF THE NECTAR OF THE YAZOO-ZOO PLANT.



# OLD SOLDIERS

*fade away*



THEY ARE WARRIORS, THE VETERANS OF A THOUSAND BLOODY WARS, IN A THOUSAND STRANGE AND DANGEROUS GALAXIES.

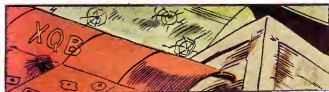
THEY ARE THE ELITE--THE FAVORITE SHOCK TROOPS OF AN EMPIRE, UPON WHOM THEIR GREAT AND MAJESTIC LORD EMPEROR ONCE SMILED.



BUT THE WAR IS OVER THEY'VE FOUGHT THEIR LAST BATTLE.

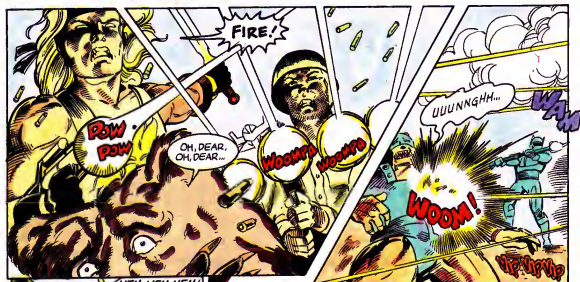
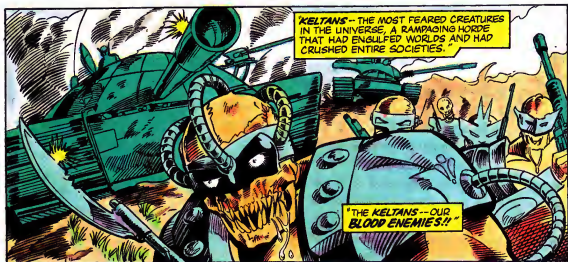
THEY ARE CREATURES OF WAR, WHO AREN'T NEEDED ANYMORE.

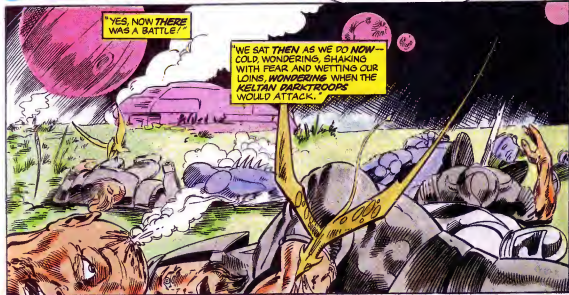
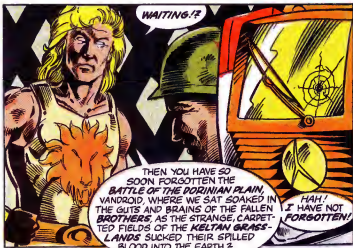
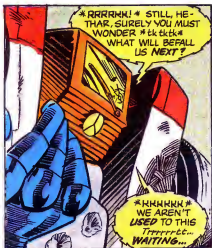
TIMOTHY TRUMAN - SCRIPT KARL WALLER - PENCILS  
KIM De MULDER - INKS KURT HATHAWAY - LETTERS  
MARCUS DAVID - COLOURS

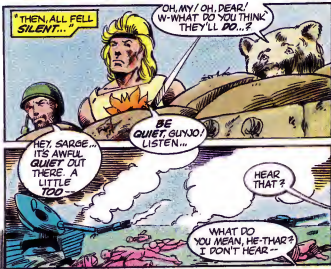
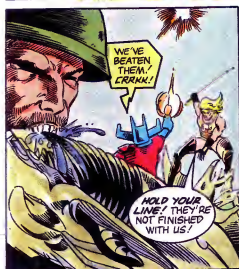
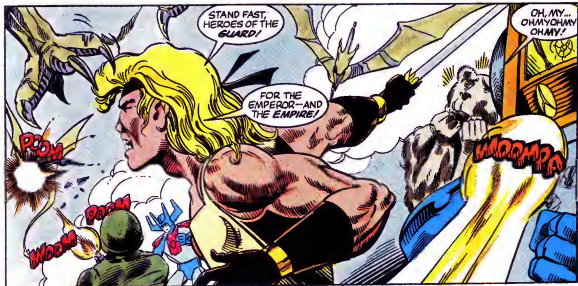




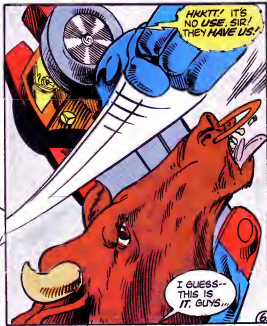
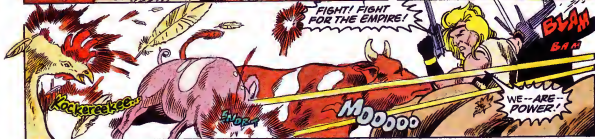
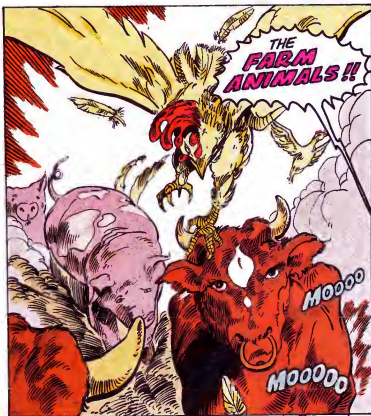












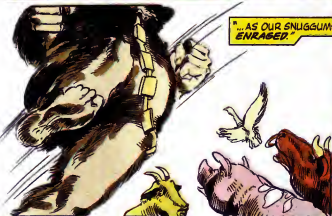




"I KNOW OF NO SIGHT IN THIS WONDROUS UNIVERSE QUITE SO FRIGHTENING..."



"...AS OUR SNUGGUMS ENRAGED."



"AT LAST, IT WAS OVER..."



"YES-- SNUGGUMS!"

"SNUGGUMS: LAST OF THE ONCE-MIGHTY RACE OF BENEVOLENT *BRUINS*, A PASSIVE, KINDLY RACE TURNED TO *DUST* BY THE EVIL KELTAN ADVANCE."



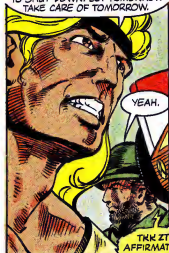
"SNUGGUMS: THE SACCHARIN CUTEY, WHO, WHEN ENRAGED, TURNS INTO 30 BILLION TONS OF SLASHING, STRIKING RAW WAR BEAR!"



no...

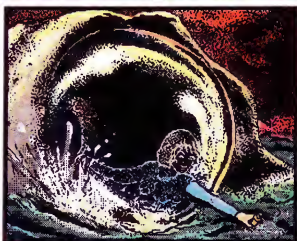
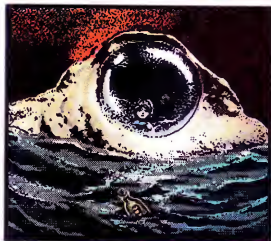


ALL RIGHT, YOU HEROES. TIME TO SHUT DOWN. LET TOMORROW TAKE CARE OF TOMORROW.



# Adrift

OLIFF 86



End

Story, art and color by Steve Oliff

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